

2Pac and Outlawz Lyrics

"High Speed"

[E.D.I. Amin:]

High speed

For all my niggas livin' in the rush

Slow it down just a notch baby

It's goin' be alright, it's goin' be alright

[2Pac (E.D.I. Amin):]

Life at high speed, life at high speed

Fuck the punishment, Thai weed

(Buy me a gun), liquor and puffin' Thai weed

[2Pac:]

I live life High Speed

Slightly disillusioned by weed

I breed thug muthafuckas even worse than me

When I bleed, my enemies best to flee quickly

Harm me, my army

Niggas decease swiftly

Look at you now, why you wanna act out?

I pull the hammer back

Strike wit' a cannon that'll blow yo muthafuckin' back out

They blast but I'm still standin'

Slightly scarred

Deep questions for the lord "Why he don't like me, god?"

So, though my life was hard with no remorse

I absorb all lessons, provide protection for the boss

Rollin' in my double R, rugged and ruthless

Keep a vest through these hard times, knowin' it's useless

And my crew, we crooked, be mistaken for Jewels

We all about our cash, blast if you break the rules

Fools turned snitch for the D.A., be heaven-sent

Switched like a stone-bitch, turned state's evidence, why?

Then they wonder why niggas die

Put your family in danger, just to get high

Now, what the hell can we get from jail?

More tricks for the crime trade, this is hell

Bail out, a thug nigga fresh out the jailhouse

Open your safe count and take all the mail out

Whatever happens happens

Whoever falls dies

We fresh out of time, livin' blind, so we all ride

In times like these, chronic or Thai weed

Puffin' through this high speed

And people say...

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?

I'm gonna buy me a gun

Then what's next?

Food and sex, house parties in the projects

We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[*Yaki Kadaifi:*]
Verbal assassin, I hit the corner fast, blastin'
Hot plastic stretch your chest plate back like elastic
No need to push me to split ya
I love beef, like pussy and pistols
For all you pussies that's softer than tissue
I ride by like the fall guy out the roof
Bustin' at you wise guy, gettin' high, sippin' hundred proof (yeah)
Give me the joints low to verdict wit' mine
Get that ass attacked, murdered, and robbed, blind from behind
Rapid shots pourin'
Catchin' niggas while they snorin'
Kickin' his door in
I'll leave your whole fuckin' family in mournin'
Bust me, you itchy-bitchy types can't touch me
Frontin' like you're hard
I'll play your fuckin' yard like a trussel

[*2Pac:*]
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
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Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night

[*E.D.I. Amin:*]
At times, I look through times wit' so much anger
Wonderin' why it keeps on passin', pushin' me into danger
No stranger to hard times or the good ones
At times I'm amazed
At what the motherfuckin' hoods done
What we do to get paid
All day, for the almighty, dollar
Don't even bother to holla
We all destined to be swallowed
By the same thing we lust for
Threw away our morals and values and dust more
Niggas is dying tomorrow
We, bailing on borrowed times
Nigga the clocks tickin'
Approachin' is the day you gonna need money or Glocks spittin'
Cops sittin', politicians passin' laws you ain't know what
Soon that money gon' be illegal when you die to
Keep your dough up

But I ain't goin' tell you "what?" to stop chasin' paper
Man, I'm just like y'all, I worry 'bout that shit later
Put the metal to the pedal, slash up nigga, blaze
Let's get blowed out high speed 'til the end of my days
Now my people say

[2Pac:]

Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
I'm gonna buy me a gun
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
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I'm gonna buy me a gun
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[2Pac:]

High speeds (we goin' all night)
Life of an Outlaw, ghetto stars (we goin' all night)
(Yes) I'm gonna buy me a gun
Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
For my niggas on the West Side and the East Side
And the NorthSide and the SouthSide
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From Compton to Jersey
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Gettin' it real hard
Niggas in Michigan, (M.O.B nigga, M.O.B)
From Atlanta, Georgia to Utah
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
From St. Louis to Alabama
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
From Mississippi to Oakland, from San Francisco to San Diego
Seattle to Florida
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
Maine to Mass, haha
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)

Food and sex
(Whatcha gonna do when you get outta jail?)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
Then what's next?
Food and sex, house parties in the projects
We goin' all night
High speeds
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(We goin' all night)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
(I'm gonna buy me a gun)
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
And it don't stop, and it won't quit
Outlawz with that rough shit, baby!

[E.D.I. Amin:]

Learn about it

Pac you goin' rap?

Thanks to josh_don for adding these lyrics.

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